

Convalesent Camp

U.S. Barracks, N.O. Sept 11th 1863

Dear Mother,

We rec'd the box you sent us a week ago to day the 4th everything was all right I should have written you before but as there was no steamer to leave here for New York *untill* next Sunday I would wait a few days before I wrote.

We got the box on Friday and the Regt. have orders to march on Saturday. I was not able to go on account of having sore feet and ankles so the Dr sent me to the *convalesent* camp. Harrison has gone with the regt. where they have gone we have not been able to learn as yet. All we know about it is they went down the river with an *expidition* aboard of transplants.

I wish I could have went with them but my feet were *to* sore to think of marching, this is the first time that I have been separated from the regt. since we left home.

Harrison took one can of the jelly and such things as he could carry with him and I brought the rest of it to camp with me.

Harrison's boots *fited* him first rate mine ~~were~~ are a little *to* small I don't think I can wear them. I can sell them for 6 or 7 dollars any time. I was in hopes they would fit me for they are just what I want. The shirts I would not take a small farm for, they are so much better than the army shirts this warm weather. My needle book I would not take a large farm for, it is the handiest *peice* of furniture that a soldier can carry if the Rebs get this one they will have to take me with it. We have a very good place to stay here in the old U.S. Barracks. It is a very pleasant place just at the lower edge of the city, it makes me think of a prison yard more than any than else for we [CO] surrounded by a large brick wall about twenty feet high. We can't get out only once in a great while by getting a pass from the old Dr. Duane Clark is here with me so we manage to pass away the time very well. You must make out a bill of the articles you sent in the box and find out what it cost you and if you don't get your pay I don't know who will be to blame.

I don't see why I don't get some mail. I have not had a letter from home or any where else in most a month. Harrison got two the day we got the box.

Well I cannot write any more. Give my love to all.

Direct the same as before.

Your son,

J. F. Brand